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From the Baltimore American.  
"Sing unto the Lord."

Lift the voice of praise and gladness; Zion  
from her bondage free,  
Wake ye deeds of glorious conquest, from  
the mountains to the sea.

Lo, the fiery cloud and pillar move at the di-  
vine command,  
And the tramp of mighty marching sounds  
triumphant through the land.

Zion's banners float victorious while the  
hosts of Hell retreat,  
Rebels throw their weapons down and fall  
submissive at His feet.

Rivers flash the joy and bare the hallelujah  
far along,  
Mountain echoes, catch the chorus, swell  
aloud the thrilling song.

Air and ocean, ile and woodland, blend all  
harmonies of praise,  
Let the shout of Israel's triumphs ring as  
in the ancient days.

Ring aloud, as when rejoicing from Egyptian  
bondage free,  
Miriam's timbrel notes were wafted o'er the  
dark, tumultuous sea.

Sing, as when with burning thirst the mur-  
muring people saw delight,  
In the clustering groves of palm, and wells  
of Elim bubbling bright.

Sing as when the rock in Horeb gushed  
with clear and full supply,  
And the sound of purling waters mingled  
with the shoutings high.

Sing, as when the tide of Jordan parted in  
its onward flow,  
Shout, as when with blast of trumpets fell  
the walls of Jerico.

Shout, as when the prophet pleading turned  
to heaven his suppliant eye,  
And the flood of flame descending drank  
the watered trenches dry.

Higher still and louder, clearer, let the notes  
of triumph rise,  
Emulate the songs of angels hovering 'neath  
Judean skies.

Glory to the Lord's anointed! peace on  
earth, good will to men,  
Zion's gates are filled with praise, and ran-  
omed souls are "born again."

WASHINGTON'S ONLY MISTAKE.—The Pa-  
ris correspondent of the New York Times  
relates the following:

The late Washington Ball at the Ameri-  
can legation in this city was the subject of a  
bon mot, which was dropped by the French  
Minister of War, which should have pub-  
licity. Marshal Vaillant remonstrated with  
Mr. Mason previous to the ball on the inap-  
propriateness of giving a fete during Lent,  
and asked if it were not a mistake. "If it is  
a mistake," replied Mr. Mason, "it was  
Washington who made it, for that is his  
birth day, and the ball is in honor of the  
event." "Oh, that's it!" replied the Mar-  
shal, "then it's the only mistake he ever  
made in his life." The Marshal was one of  
the first guests at the ball, a concession he  
made to the name of Washington, for he is  
a strict observer of the requirements of  
Lent.

☞Sambo, what's yer up to now a days?  
'Oh I's a carpenter and joiner.'

'Het Gones yer is. What department  
does yer perform, Sambo?'

'What department! I does the circular  
work.'

'What's dat?'

'Why, I turns the grindstone!'

A CHARMING COUNTRY.—A large propor-  
tion of the swamps of Florida are said to be  
capable of producing 500 bushels of frogs to  
the acre with alligators enough for fencing.

☞Why does a lady wearing crinoline  
appear comical as well as conical? Because  
she is very funnel-dressed.

Parable for Business Men.  
There was once upon a time a man who  
deft a store, and sold goods wholesale and  
retail:

And he became melancholy because cus-  
tomers were shy and times were bad.

And he said: Lo! I am ruined, and the  
sensation is disagreeable.

And my ruin is the more painful to bear,  
because it is slow in progress, even as water  
doth gradually become hotter in the pot  
wherein the lobster boileth, until the crusta-  
ceous creature shrieketh out his soul in an-  
guish,

Lo! it is better to be ruined quickly than  
to endure this slow torture.

I will give my money away to the poor  
man—even to the poorest, which is he who  
printeth the newspapers, and I will shut up  
my shop, and myself in sackcloth of desola-  
tion, and pass my days in the purloins of  
broken banks, cursing the hardness of times  
and rending my garments.

And the howling of Rome shall be as the  
dulcet sound of dulcimers, and they who  
blow flutes and instruments of music, com-  
pared to the din I will make in the ears of  
the wicked—even in the ears of the bank  
directors.

And even as he said, so did he; for he was  
not like other men's sons who are foolish  
and know not, and they say they will do  
so and so, performing that which is contrary.

For the sons of men are fickle, and he  
that is of woman doth spite his face by di-  
minishing the length of the nose thereof.

And lo! the printer—even he who did  
publish newspapers—was made glad by the  
bounty of him who sold wholesale and retail;  
and he did blow the trumpet of fame respect-  
ing that man's dealings from the rising of  
the sun even to the going down of the  
same.

And he—even the printer of paper—did  
magnify and enlarge upon the stock of goods  
which the trader had in his store, and did  
publish the variety, and the excellence, and  
the newness, and the cheapness thereof, till  
the people, yea all of them, far and near,  
were amazed.

And the man who had gathered  
from the east and from the west costly mer-  
chandise and wares of wondrous value—  
even the workmanship of cunning artificers  
—and we know it not.

Go to, then. We will lay out our silver  
and our gold in those things which the prin-  
ter printeth of, and that which he doth pub-  
lish shall be ours. For this man's merchan-  
dize is better than the bank notes of those  
who promise to pay and therefore lie, even  
banks of deposit which beguile us of our  
money and swindle us like sin.

But the trader was still sad and he said:  
The money that these people bring me for  
the goods in my store will I still give to the  
printer, and thus will I ruin myself; I will  
do that which no man hath yet done in my  
time or before me—will make rich the prin-  
ter, whom all men scorn for his poverty, and  
he shall be clad in fine linen, and shall re-  
joice.

And the sons of men shall seek him in  
the market place, and the sheriff shall shun  
him, and scoffers shall be rebuked, and shall  
take off their hats to him that was poor.

And he shall dash the dollars in the eyes  
of the foolish, and shall eat bank notes and  
wiches.

Yes, even shall he light his pipe with rail-  
road scrip, and cast his spittle on the beard  
of other men.

For I will ruin myself, and he who adver-  
tises me shall enjoy my substance.

But lo! the trading man, even he who sold  
merchandise, became rich, and even as the  
unclean beast leth in the mire, so stirred  
he not by reason of much gold.

The people flocked to his store from the  
North.

And from the South;  
And from the East;  
And from the West.

So the printer rejoiced, and his fat did  
abound.

But the trader could not become poor; and  
his melancholy ceased, and the smiles of  
happiness were upon his face.

And his children did become mighty in  
the land by reason of the dollars which man-  
y of the people who read his advertise-  
ments had poured into the trader's money  
bag.

☞If you observe a gentleman with his  
arm around the waist of a young lady, it is  
morally certain that they are not married.

Married Politeness.  
There is much of truth, as well as of that  
kind of philosophy which comes into every  
day requisition, helping to strengthen and  
brighten the ties of social affection, in the  
subjoined brief article taken from the Ladies'  
Enterprise:

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice.

The husband answered: "Yes, my dear,  
with pleasure."

It was quietly, but heartily said; and the  
tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly  
natural and very affectionate. We thought  
how pleasant that courteous reply, how grat-  
ifying it must be to the wife. Many hus-  
bands of ten years experience are ready  
enough with the courtesies of politeness to  
the young ladies of their acquaintance, while  
they speak with abruptness to the wife, and  
do many rude little things without consid-  
ering them worth an apology. The stranger,  
whom they must have seen but yesterday,  
is listened to with deference, and, although  
the subject may not be of the most pleasant  
nature, with a ready smile; while the poor  
wife, if she relates a domestic grievance, is  
snubbed, or listened to with ill-concealed  
impatience. Oh! how wrong this is—all  
wrong.

Does she urge some request? "Oh, don't  
bother me!" cries her gracious lord and mas-  
ter. Does she ask for necessary funds for  
Susy's shoes or Tommy's hat? "Seems to  
me you are always wanting money!" is the  
handsome retort. Is any little extra de-  
manded by his masculine appetite, it is or-  
dered, not requested.

"Look here, I want you to do so and so;  
just see that it's done;" and off marches Mr.  
Boor, with a bow and a smile of gentlemanly  
polish and friendly sweetness for every cas-  
ual acquaintance he may chance to recog-  
nize.

When we meet with such thoughtlessness  
and coarseness, our thoughts revert to the  
kind voice and gentle manner of the friend  
who said, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

"I beg your pardon," comes as readily to his  
lips when by any little awkwardness he has  
disconcerted her, as it would in the pres-  
ence of the most fashionable stickler for et-  
iquette. This is because he is a thorough  
gentleman, who thinks his wife in all things  
entitled to precedence. He loves her best;  
why should he hesitate to show it; not in-  
sincerely, maudlin attentions, but in prefer-  
ring her pleasure, and honoring her in public  
as well as private. He knows her worth; why  
should he hesitate to attest it! "And her  
husband he praiseth her," saith Holy Writ;  
not by fulsome adulation, not by pushing  
her charms into notice, but by speaking,  
as opportunity occurs, in a manly way, of her  
virtues.

Though words may seem little things, and  
slight attentions almost valueless, yet, de-  
pend upon it, they keep the flame bright, es-  
pecially if they are natural. The children  
grow up in a better moral atmosphere, and  
learn to respect their parents as they see  
them respecting each other. Many a boy  
takes advantage of a mother he loves, be-  
cause he sees often the rudeness of his father.

Insensibly he gathers to his bosom the  
same habits, and the thoughts and feelings  
they engender, and in his turn becomes the  
petty tyrant. Only his mother, why should  
he thank her? father never does. Thus the  
home becomes the seat of disorder and un-  
happiness. Oply for strangers are kind  
words expressed, and hypocrites go out from  
the hearth-stone fully prepared to render  
justice, benevolence and politeness to any  
one and every one but those who have the  
justest claims. Oh, give us the kind glance,  
the happy homestead, the smiling wife and  
the courteous children of the friend who said  
so pleasantly, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

☞What is the difference between girls  
and lemons? The latter get the most of  
their squeezing in the dog days and the for-  
mer don't.

IMPROVED CONDITION.—Patrick O'Flaher-  
ty said that his wife was very ungrateful, for  
"whin I married her she hadn't a rag til her  
back, and now she's covered with 'em."

☞Why is a woman's tongue like a plan-  
et? Kase nothing short of the power that  
created it is able to stop it in its course! A  
broom-slick merited for that perpetration.

☞The ladies say they are opposed to  
stopping the males on the Sabbath, espe-  
cially in the evening, unless they stop at  
their homes.

For the Jasper Courier,  
Kindred Spirits.

How fully 'tis felt there's a chord in each  
heart

That but to congenial spirits may start;  
Whatever the form there are pulses there  
still,

Which but to the touch of a sister may thrill.  
There's a light in each eye, which awakens  
alone,

To the music revealed in a true spirit's tone:  
When eye speaks to eye, and heart speaks  
to heart,

Then deep hidden pulses in rapture may  
start.

There are those whom we meet in life's busy  
mart,

Whom we pass with dislike, or perchance  
with disgust;

Whose memories pass with their presence  
away,

As passeth the front of a wintry day.  
But oh! there are those whose presence may  
bring

Bright thoughts to which memory forever  
may cling;

Whose words when we move a charm have  
still,

To which all the pulses in nature may thrill.

Whose eye shows the light of a genial ray,  
Whose memory pass not with the daylight  
sway,

Whose souls with our own in unison twine,  
Supporting our hopes as the tree doth the  
vine,

There are those whose presence may hallow  
the hour,

Spent in converse with them in the cot or  
the bow'r.

Where such we have met is a hallowed  
scene,

Whose leaflets forever in memory are green;  
"And long be our hearts with such memory  
filled,

Like the vase in which roses have once been  
distill'd,

You may break, you may shatter the vase if  
you will,

But the scent of the roses will still  
be there.

TAKING THE CENSUS OF AN IRISH FAMILY.  
—The duties of the marshals in taking the  
census lead to some queer little scenes. We  
give one which came off in one of the cities  
during the taking of the last census:

"Who is the head of this family?"

"That depends on circumstances. If be-  
fore eleven o'clock it's me husband. If af-  
ter eleven it's mecessell."

"Why this division?"

"Because, alther that hour he's drunk as  
a pipe; and unable to take care of himself,  
let alone his family."

"What is his age?"

"Coming next Michaelmas he will lack a  
mouth of being as owd as Finnegan. You  
know Finnegan?"

"No, I don't know Finnegan, and if I did  
it would not help matters. Is your husband  
an alien?"

"Och, thin he's ailing intirely. He has  
rheumatics worse nor owd Donnelly, who  
was tied double with them."

"How many male members have you in  
the family?"

"Niver a one."

"What, no boys at all?"

AGRICULTURAL.

SECRET OF TAMING HORSES.—A cor-  
respondent of the New York Express  
submits the following method of horse  
taming:

For the oil of Cummin the horse  
has an instinctive passion, and when  
the horse scents the odor he is in-  
stinctively drawn towards it. The oil  
of Rhodium possesses peculiar prop-  
erties. All animals seem to cherish a  
fondness for it, and it exercises a kind  
of subduing influence over them.

To tame horses procure some horse  
castor and grate it fine; also get some  
oil of Rhodium, and oil of Cummin,  
and keep the three separate in air tight  
bottles. Rub a little oil of Cummin on  
your hands, and approach the horse in  
the field, on the windward side, so  
that he can smell the Cummin. The  
horse will let you come up to him with-  
out any trouble. Immediately rub your  
hand gently on the horse's nose, getting  
a little of the oil on it. You can then  
lead him anywhere. Give him a little  
castor on a piece of loaf sugar or apple.  
put eight drops of oil of Rhodium in-  
to a lady's silver thimble; take the  
thimble between the thumb and middle  
finger of your right hand, with your  
forefinger stopping the mouth of the  
thimble, to prevent the oil from run-  
ning out while you are opening the  
horse's mouth. As soon as you have  
opened it, tip the thimble on his  
tongue, and he is your servant and  
friend. You can teach him anything,  
if you are gentle and kind to him.

FOUNDER IN HORSES.—Take a tea-  
spoonful of pulverized alum, pull the  
horse's tongue out of his mouth as far

hold up his head till he swallows. In  
six hours time—no matter how bad  
the founder, he will be fit for moderate  
service. I have seen this remedy  
tested so often, with perfect success,  
that I would not make five dollars dif-  
ference in a horse foundered, if done  
recently, and one that is not.—E. L.  
Periam.

FATTENING CATTLE.—Owing to the  
great improvement caused by the dif-  
fusion of short-horn blood, the fatten-  
ing stock very often consists of two  
year olds. it consists, also, of three  
year old bullocks and heifers, and east  
cows. These should be all tied up in  
a house by themselves, as they are fed  
in a different manner from the young-  
er stock, and it is of great importance  
that such cattle as are intended for the  
butcher should be disturbed as little  
as possible

☞A tubful of soapuds, farmers  
should remember, is worth a wheel-  
barrow of good manure. Every bucket  
of soapuds should be thrown where  
it will not be lost; the garden is a good  
place in which to dispose of it; but the  
roots of grape vines, young trees, or  
any thing of the sort, will do as well.

CURE FOR HOG CHOLERA.—Dr. Her,  
of Pike county, has effected the cure of  
some of his hogs having the cholera  
so bad that they could not get up  
when laying down. He says he took  
salt and cyanne pepper, put it in feed  
and fed it to the hogs and they were  
entirely cured.

☞When there is any doubt wheth-  
er a soil is fit for the plow it is best to  
put on the harrow; this will serve to  
open the soil and expose it to the air  
without rendering it clammy. Soils  
which were cultivated last year should  
not be plowed till the furrows will crum-  
ble and fall in a pulverized state.